

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.
 Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. W. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
 Oakland.—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.
 Mt. Zion.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Cave Spring.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Union Star.—Preaching every 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Cloverport.—Preaching every 1st and 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Methodist Church (South), Rev. J. L. Edgington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 5th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Dr. R. O. Pfallman, Superintendent.
 Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month, and on the Monday after the third Sunday in every month.

J. C. BABBAGE, Attorney at Law, CLOVERPORT, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the courts of Breckinridge and adjoining counties. Prompt attention will be given to all claims placed in his hands for collection, at reasonable rates. n32ly

MISS LIZZIE RICKETTS

Will return from Louisville, March 16, with the Latest Spring styles for Ladies and Children's Dresses.

All who wish to have Dresses made, or Fitting and Cutting done, in the Latest Spring Styles, will find Miss Lizzie Ricketts by inquiring at Salter's Store. ROOMS—Up stairs at Salter's Store, opposite Salter's Store. n32ly

SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS FOR \$5.50.

Sent postpaid to any address for \$5.50, and fifty cents to pay postage. Money sent in registered letter will be at our risk. Address, F. N. D'UHY & BRO., Silvermiths, 173 Wall Street, New York. n32ly

JOHN BENDER, DOCTOR'S HELPER, CUPPING, BLEEDING, TOOTH PULLING, HAIR DYEING, ETC.

ROOMS: Over Street, adjoining Temple's Hotel. Towels, Razors, Mugs, etc., strictly clean, and work done in the most approved manner. Patronage solicited.

JAMES E. STONE, JR., LAWYER, HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in all the courts of Breckinridge and adjoining counties. Deeds, Mortgages, etc., and all legal instruments carefully prepared. Titles investigated and abstracts furnished. Prompt and careful attention given to all business entrusted to me. n32ly

MILLER & HOVIOUS, Livery and Sale Stable.

First-class livery to be had at this Stable. Horses boarded by the day or week at reasonable rates.

\$9.00 SOLID COIN SILVER

American Lever Hunting or Open Face Watch, warranted a good timekeeper, sent to any address, by express, for \$9.00, or 50 cents additional if by mail. Send money in registered letter. Address, F. N. D'UHY & BRO., Jewelers, 173 Wall Street, New York. n32ly

A Solid Gold Pen.

In a Silver-plated Holder, for \$1.00. Fifteen cents extra by mail. Address, F. N. D'UHY & BRO., 173 Wall Street, New York. n32ly

Notice to Pensioners.

All persons drawing a pension, and wishing to apply for arrears under the new law, can have their papers fixed up correctly, on moderate terms, by calling on the undersigned at his place of business in Cloverport. n32ly

HENRY KEMPER, WITH WILLIAM H. FOX & SON

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, GLASS, DRUGGISTS' GLASS-WARE, NAVAL STORES, GLUES, LAMPS AND LANTERNS. 339 WEST MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, KY. n32ly

H. KEMPT, WITH BERGREEN & CO., WHOLESALE FANCY GROCERS, AND CANDY MANUFACTURERS.

105 MARKET ST., BET. THIRD & FOURTH, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

VOL. III.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1879.

NO. 38.

The Song.

A STUDY.

I watch her as she sits and sews
 And hums a merry ditty;
 I mark the smile that ceases to glow
 Upon her face so pretty.
 I know her thoughts this hour go out,
 To one whose love she can not doubt,
 Whose presence haunts her ever.
 To one who years since went away,
 His heart with hope dilating;
 Who will come back some day—some day—
 To win his bride now waiting.
 She calls to mind his words of praise
 (Because of her fair grace);
 She muses on his loving ways,
 No lapses of time efface.
 No wonder while she sits and sews
 She hums a merry ditty!
 No wonder such a sweet smile glows
 Upon her face so pretty!
 The memory of kindly things
 In fond hearts ever lingers;
 Though roses' fragrance somehow lingers
 Less close to friends—than lovers.

The Story.

CHRISTIAN'S LOVE; —OR— THE PEARL OF BANNER-CROSS.

CHAPTER VII.

Christian walks hastily into the study and snatches up his hat. Across the hall, along the gravelled path, through the gate out to the dusty high road, through the clover meadows, on he goes, hastily, eagerly, until he stands in sight of the gate of Banner-Cross Park.

He can not breathe in the quiet calm of the park, he can not rest or sleep until he has ascertained beyond doubt or question whether the report that has reached him is true.

A man and woman stand just within the porch of the pretty lodge. The man holds in his arms a fat, fair, rosy baby, clad in a little white night-dress. The glowing is coming on apace, but baby will take no harm, although so thinly arrayed, for the air is dry and warm.

The twilight shadows are gathering, but the light is bright enough to enable Christian to discern the happy eyes of the mother as she watches the father playing with his little child, as she listens to the cooing, crowing sounds that reward each fond caress.

It is sweet rest after the burden and heat of the day.
 The remembrance of the thoughts which have cheered and gladdened his heart the week through comes to him with a rush of bitter feeling. What if they should all prove so barren, so vain, so delusive, so idle as his fears? He checks his hasty steps, and stops to speak to the young couple before passing through into the park.

"Baby grows a fine, stout little fellow," Mrs. Allen, he says, gently. "You will soon have him running about by your side."
 "He does get on, that's certain," and he's wonderfully forward on his feet."
 "That's well," Christian remarks, with kind, cordial sympathy; "I hope he will grow up to be a comfort to you."

"Thank you, sir," both parents exclaim simultaneously.
 "I am a late visitor," Christian says, still maintaining the same kindness of manner and voice, "but I have rather urgent business with Mr. Frith."

Hand and wife look at each other in mute surprise for a moment, and then the man speaks to Christian.
 "Didn't you know, sir, that they went away yesterday morning?"

"I have heard it," Christian replies, growing white in his mental pain, but still speaking out clearly and frankly, "but I hoped there was some mistake. Mr. Frith made an appointment with me which I was desirous should be kept."

"They're gone, sir, sure enough. Master must have made up his mind in a great hurry like, for they took scarce nothing with them. Wilson, the valet, and Miss Pearl's maid have followed with the luggage this afternoon, and a fine scuffle they've had to get through with the packing."

"They set sail to-morrow morning for some foreign place with a precious queer name, I'm told; and Thurston, the coachman, I'm told, that he'd heard the master intends staying abroad for a good while, a year or more."

It is all too true, then, the story told him by Judith. With difficulty Christian commands himself sufficiently to reply to the man in his usual manner, ever kind and courteous to his humble parishioners, and then he turns away hastily, and his voice is hoarse and a little unsteady as he bids the happy young couple good night.

The stars are beginning to peep out one by one; a pale, fair moon sails into the calm, unbroken blue of the darkening skies; and the faint, sparkling light of the one and the pure, silvery, shimmering radiance of the other shine down upon a strong man in mental pain amounting almost to agony.

Christian Graham will never forget his homeward walk on that night. All his bright hopes and gladnesses vanished and fled away for ever; all his fair, noble castles lying in ruins around him, crumbling and falling into premature decay, destroyed by one fell, cruel, sudden blow.

keep faith with me," he thinks, bitterly, "that he was only laughing at me, and mocking me. There never yet was a Frith who kept a promise. I am glad Nell is away," he tells himself. "I could not quite hide my pain from her keen eyes. If I had only gone to my darling and told her of my love, and she had gently, quietly, and regretfully answered that hers could never gladden me in return, I could have borne it. But to be deceived by fraud and crafty deceit of a chance of knowing if she would listen graciously to my words, to be shut out from the hope of pleading my own cause, to know that before I can see her again she may be induced to enter into a marriage utterly repugnant to her—a union unholy because loveless—this seems more than I can bear!"

"You have had a bad, restless night, Mr. Christian," Judith exclaims, as her master descends to the room where breakfast waits. "I heard you walking backwards and forwards in your room every now and then. Bless me, Mr. Christian, how white you are, and how black and heavy you look about the eyes! You've got one of your bad headaches, I feel sure. Take a strong cup of tea."

Ay, white face, heavy eyes, aching, throbbing head—but all this is as nothing in comparison with the aching, throbbing pain and heaviness at Christian Graham's heart.

He greets the old woman pleasantly. What right has he to trouble others with any of the sorrow welling within him? Why should they have to help to bear the burden laid upon him?

"Are there any letters?" he asks, as he takes his seat at the breakfast table.
 "Only one, and a newspaper," favored, faithful Judith replies.

He holds out his hand listlessly for them. He satisfies himself that the letter is not from Nell, and then he looks at the writing upon the newspaper. The hand which has addressed the letter has addressed the paper also; the writing on both is strange, but the fact awakens no curiosity within his mind.

He lays them down quietly for a time; he can feel no interest in any earthly thing this morning.

Soon he pushes aside his almost untasted breakfast, and he takes up the letter again. Human hearts may suffer and break, but the round of daily toil must still go on. There are sick to visit, the aged to be ministered to, the broken-hearted to comfort; and Christian Graham is not the man to flinch from the performance of his duty, even though his own heart be bleeding, although he himself stand in special need of sympathy and comfort.

Carelessly, listlessly, he breaks the seal of the letter, and runs his eyes hastily over the contents. Then there comes to his face an expression of dazed, bewildered pain, and he turns once more to the commencement, and slowly and deliberately reads the letter through again to the end.

Every vestige of color fades from his face and from his lips. Nothing can be more painful to behold than the utter hopelessness that settles upon his face and looks out from his dark eyes. The letter runs:

"DEAR SIR.—Respecting what you asked me, I promised, I believe, to see you again in the course of a week. I am unable to grant you an interview, but what I have to say will be perhaps quite as well communicated by letter. My daughter Pearl was married this morning to her cousin, Deighton Frith, with my full consent and approval, and I believe she will be as happy as most women."

"To-morrow we start for a foreign tour; and probably we shall not return for a year or more. I hope soon to hear that you have got over your fancied attachment to Pearl, and that you have taken to yourself a wife more suited for you. With best wishes, I am, yours truly, MARK E. FRITH."

P. S.—With great difficulty I managed to get an announcement in an evening paper, and have the pleasure of forwarding you a copy.

It lies before Christian Graham—the taunting, cruel letter, in which every word is a deadly insult. Its every syllable stands out before him as though traced in characters of living fire.

Oh, the intense suffering at that moment, the fierce, stinging, raging distress!

He turns to the newspaper, and his shaking, burning fingers tear aside the wrapper. The pages are scanned with breathless, impatient haste, with a haste which seeks assurance, even though the assurance be deadly sorrow.

Ah, there it is! Two little crosses point out the names he seeks; and he reads, every word wounding the faithful, loving heart:

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, Deighton Markedale Frith, Esq., of Landstown, to Emeraldale Pearl Frith, only child of Mark E. Frith, Esq., of Banner-Cross."

CHAPTER VIII.

The great fruit trees have yielded their fruit five times; the summer roses have blossomed and died through five seasons; the birds have warbled their songs of gladness five times in their leafy bowers; and the nightingale has told out, year after year, his sweet, plaintive lay of love.

Five years have passed since that June day on which Christian took up his burden of pain and sorrow.

The five years have not passed without bringing some changes, but the changes have been greater at the personage than at the great house of Banner-Cross.

Christian has lost Nell. A little more than four years prior, a neighboring squire, young and brave, stalwart and handsome, wooed her so ardently, so lovingly, that he won from her heart, and soon he bore her away from the quiet parsonage, which had been so peaceful, so restful a home to her from infancy, bore her away to bless him with her calm, sweet face and gentle dignity.

husband, not a greater favorite with him, though, than with Judith. But even he is eclipsed in that good woman's estimation by the fat, smiling, rosy baby-girl who came to bless the young couple a year after their marriage.

Only six months back there came to Castleford the news that Mark Ellen Frith was dead, and that he died suddenly of fever abroad, and was buried there. It gave some little food for gossip to the good people of Castleford. Mark Ellen Frith was the first who bore the name to find a foreign resting-place.

Then it was hoped that "Miss Pearl" and her husband would take up their residence at Banner-Cross; but the hope died out as the weeks passed by and there came no sign of their return.

Reports sometimes reached the quiet old town of the gay life led by the two in the cities where Deighton Frith delighted to sojourn. London and Paris and Vienna, it was said, had each in turn acknowledged Pearl as the queen of beautiful women; but it was added in hushed whispers, though how the report arose none could say, that the beautiful girl who had been reared among them was most unhappy. Nell Verry had heard it spoken many times, as had Christian Graham.

Is it of this he thinks as he sits one dreary November evening looking dreamily into the brightly blazing fire? Is he recalling the days long vanished, and the hopes that made them appear so joyous and glad? Is he picturing the sweet face of that yore, glancing into the quiet rooms, filled them as with a gleam of blessed golden sunlight?

His head is bent forward upon his breast, and the fire-glow playing upon it shows amid the chestnut curls many a silver thread, shows lines of patient, quiescent suffering about the firm lips, with the curves betokening sensitiveness as acute as in a woman; shows the expression of pain and longing only half subdued in the deep blue eyes.

He has sat for some time, ever since the shadows of the short winter day began to gather, never moving.

He has thought the old pain conquered, the old love subdued, the idol dethroned from its pedestal; ever since the morning when he read that Pearl had gone into the keeping of another he had turned resolutely away from every lingering thought, every fond memory. Yes; Christian ever tries to act aright both in thought and deed.

This evening the battle which he has thought ended has to be fought all over again. This evening memory will return with an infinite longing to the olden days, and the warfare rages fiercely.

"What wonder of man am I that I should covet another man's wife? I despise myself. But, oh, my little lost love, whom I lost through fraud and deceit, you are unhappy, and I sorrow for your fate!"

With a mournful, dreary sigh the wind goes whistling around the house, and the rain beats fitfully against the window-panes, and the shadows fall deeper and deeper.

There is a sound of carriage wheels in the distance; they draw nearer and nearer, but the man sitting there in his pain never moves.

They stop at the parsonage gate, but Christian never heeds them. Some few moments pass, but still he sits there drearily.

"Here's the coachman from Mr. Verry's Mr. Christian," Judith says, entering the room, "I thought you were asleep, sir. I knocked twice, and you never spoke."

"The coachman from Mr. Verry's?" Christian repeats, rousing himself and exhibiting some little surprise.

"He has brought a note for you," Judith continues, handing Christian a dainty white envelope, fragrant with some sweet subtle perfume, "and he said that he expected you'd be going back with him."

In mute wonderment Christian breaks the seal of his letter—his wonderment increases as he reads.

"I wish you would return with Willis," Nell writes; "I can not come to you, and I can not in a letter enter into any explanation as to why I am so desirous that you should come. I can only say that I am in urgent need of your presence and advice."

A few moments given to preparation for his journey, and then Christian Graham is being driven along the road, through the gloomy, gusty, dismal November evening, towards Birchfields, the residence of his sister.

It puzzles him not a little as he goes along this hurried, peremptory summons from Nell. What can it mean? If there were illness, but he has assured himself on that point by questioning Willis; so he must wait patiently a few minutes longer.

Birchfields at last! Outwardly the house is cheerful and goodly to behold; and there, coming into the warm cozy hall at the sound of carriage-wheels, is Nellie.

One quick, searching glance, and Christian is reassured, his fears are quieted. In its sweet gravity Nell's face may be a little more serious and thoughtful than is customary; but there is nothing of troubled pain in its expression.

at the crackling, glowing fire.
 Without the rain falls and the wind shakes the branches of the great trees, but the occupants of the luxurious room hear the dismal sounds but very dimly.

"Christian," Nell says, drawing nearer to him, and speaking in hushed tones, as though fearful any other save himself should hear, "I sent for you because I do not know what to do or how to act. Pearl Frith is here!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Home Doctor.

For people with skin diseases a carbolic bath should be used.

Always take a bath in a warm room and in tepid water, unless particular robust.

An application of cold, wet common whitening placed on immediately is an invaluable remedy for a burn.

A warm bath on going to bed is the best aid to sleep. A woman under fifty should have eight hours of sleep.

For roughness of the skin, mix two parts of brandy with one part of rosewater and wash the face night and morning.

Bleeding of a wound in man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth.

A good wash for the teeth is made by putting equal parts of borax and camphor gum into a bottle of water and letting it stand for a short time before using.

Refined chalk made into a thick plaster with one-third as much glycerine as water and spread on the parts will cool inflammation and reduce redness of the nose or face.

Oranges are very beneficial if eaten early in the morning. In cases of dyspepsia an orange eaten every morning before breakfast will greatly alleviate, if not entirely cure the malady.

A sick person can be sustained by this when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white thoroughly together; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This is often used in hospital service.

Tea is recommended for the following cases: After a full meal, when the system is oppressed; for the corpulent and the old; for hot climates, and especially for those who, living there, eat freely, or drink milk or alcohol; in cases of suspended animation; for soldiers and others marching in hot climates; for then, by promoting evaporation and cooling the body, it prevents in a degree the effects of too much food as of too great heat.

FOR OFFENSIVE BREATH.—For removing this disagreeable affection, almost the only safe, effecting thing to use, is the concentrated solution of chloride of soda; from six to ten drops of it in a wineglassful of pure spring water, taken immediately after the operations of the morning are completed. In some cases the odor arising from carious teeth is combined with that of the stomach. If the mouth be well rinsed with a teaspoonful of the solution of the chloride in a tumbler of water, the bad odor of the teeth will be removed.

Fashion Notes.

Persian canvases is a new material for chair backs.

A new and pretty style of curtains is made of Brussels musquit net, embroidered in crevells.

A handsome trimming for evening dresses is chenille embroidery. It comes in the new shades of olive-wood and pale-blue.

The boudoir fan is something new, and conceals among its intricacies a powder-muff and powder, as well as a tiny ivory comb.

Silks for rich costumes have satin and repped stripes, alternating in two beige shades, with lines of blue or cardinal between.

The present exhibit of calicoes shows a tendency for plaids and solid grounds, over which run pretty figures in various designs. The prices are all very moderate.

Chintz bindings of satteen in tiny roses or leaves edge the new collars, and extend down the front of the chemise; a gold button fastens the collar at the neck.

New linen collars are in English shape, with turned-over corners, and are provided with long chemisette fronts that fill up the open space in the low-throated dresses.

Circular wraps of light gray cloth, also of black, brown and navy blue, are shown for traveling. They are made with long pointed hood, and have a showy clasp of oxidized silver at the throat.

Most of the overskirts for outdoor wear are permanently fastened on to the main skirt. The looped paniers are also secured in like manner; this style is very satisfactory to fashionable dressers.

Washstand screens are of brown linen representing a fairy tale in seven scenes in square blocks, four below and three above, the central block of the upper row containing the name of the story.

Two leading styles prevail, viz: the basque, with short round skirt, on which the overskirt is permanently draped, and the suit which has the princess back, while the front has a basque and overskirt.

The first importations of spring bonnets show the Clarissa Harlowe, with brims that flare above the forehead, and are tied down closely at the sides, and also small bonnets with close brims like those popularly worn during the winter.

Cooking Recipes.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cake of chocolate, one cupful white sugar, one cupful brown sugar, one heaping tablespoonful flour, one cupful molasses, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and one cupful milk; cook about one-half hour, stirring constantly; pour into the pans and mark in squares while soft.

PERUM CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, eight-pounds of butter, rind of one lemon, one cup of milk, two eggs, teaspoonful of baking powder, three cups of flour; beat sugar and butter together, then the eggs, add milk last; then flour and baking powder, sifting it in; mix well, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger; mix stiff; roll thin; bake hard. These will snap as long as they last, if kept in a dry place.

CREAM PIE.—Six eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, two tablespoonfuls of soda in one and a half cupfuls of cold milk; this will fill four jelly-cake tins; bake like jelly cake and spread with the cream made as follows: One pint of milk, one cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch; lemon or vanilla flavor; when cold serve for dessert.

ICING FOR WEDDING CAKE.—Beat the whites of six eggs to an entire froth, and to each egg add five teaspoonfuls of sifted loaf sugar, gradually; beat it a great while. You can put it on when your cake is hot, or little cold as is most convenient. It will dry in a warm room, a short distance from a gentle fire, or in a warm oven, but do not let it brown.

WEDDING CAKE.—Four pounds of flour, three pounds of butter, three pounds of sugar, four pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, twenty-four eggs, half pint of brandy, one ounce of mace and three nutmegs. A little molasses makes it dark-colored, which is desirable. Half a pound of citron improves it, but it is not necessary. To be baked two hours and a half or three hours. After the oven is cleared it's well to shut the door for eight or ten minutes, to let the violence of the heat subside, before bread or cake is put in.

BREAST OF MUTTON.—Take a piece of rump steak about three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly and beat it with the mallet, sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning it till done; eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle it with salt, and serve with a small quantity of finely minced parsley and a piece of butter mixed together, and place over or under the steak. Garnish with fried potatoes.

Water can be purified in a cistern by dropping in a large piece of common charcoal.

Rubbing the hands with a slice of raw potato will remove vegetable stains.

To those who have copper to keep bright let them try muriatic acid diluted with water. Apply with a cloth and afterward rub the article with whiting. This will leave it bright as new with very little labor.

To soften the hair, beat the yolk of one egg into a pint of warm rain water; rub the scalp and hair well with this; then rinse the hair thoroughly and dry with a towel. Use a very little oil if the hair becomes too dry.

To soften the hard, dry putty in the windows, wet it with muriatic acid.

Oxalic acid will remove stains, ink and iron rust, but must not be allowed to stand long on the goods or paint.

Turpentine will remove ink from white woodwork.

To take the woolly taste out of a wooden pail, fill the pail with boiling hot water; let it remain until cold, then empty it and dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it and wash the inside well with the solution; after that, scald with hot water and rinse well.

A good way to clean zinc is to rub it with a piece of cotton cloth dipped in kerosene; afterward rub with a dry cotton cloth and it will be as bright as when new.

If those who black their own stoves will grease them before blacking they will find that it prevents them from rusting. Add a pinch of brown sugar to the blacking just before applying. This causes it to stick, and it polishes much easier and with half the rubbing.

To clean woolen cloth, take equal parts of spirits of hartshorn and ether. Oxgall mixed with it makes it better.

Bluish Purple for Carpets.—For one pound of woolen goods gather and macerate half a bushel of common pursley (a weed) in a sufficiency of water. Then boil a quart of a pound of logwood chips in a separate kettle. Strain and mix, and boil the goods in the water for two hours. Then drain it well and rinse, and it is done. Before putting the goods in the dye it must be boiled half an hour in alum water, five ounces of alum to a pound of wool.